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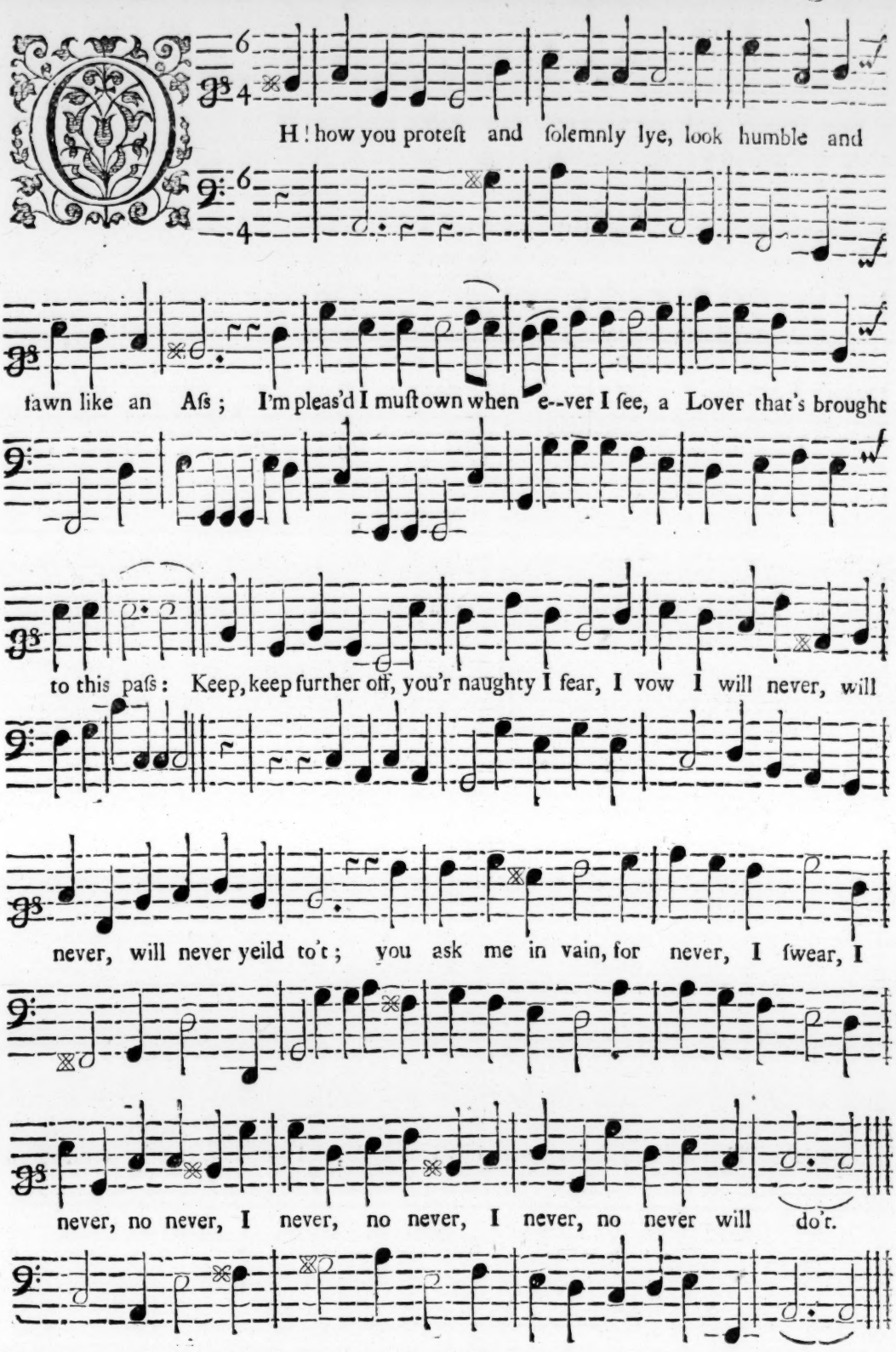
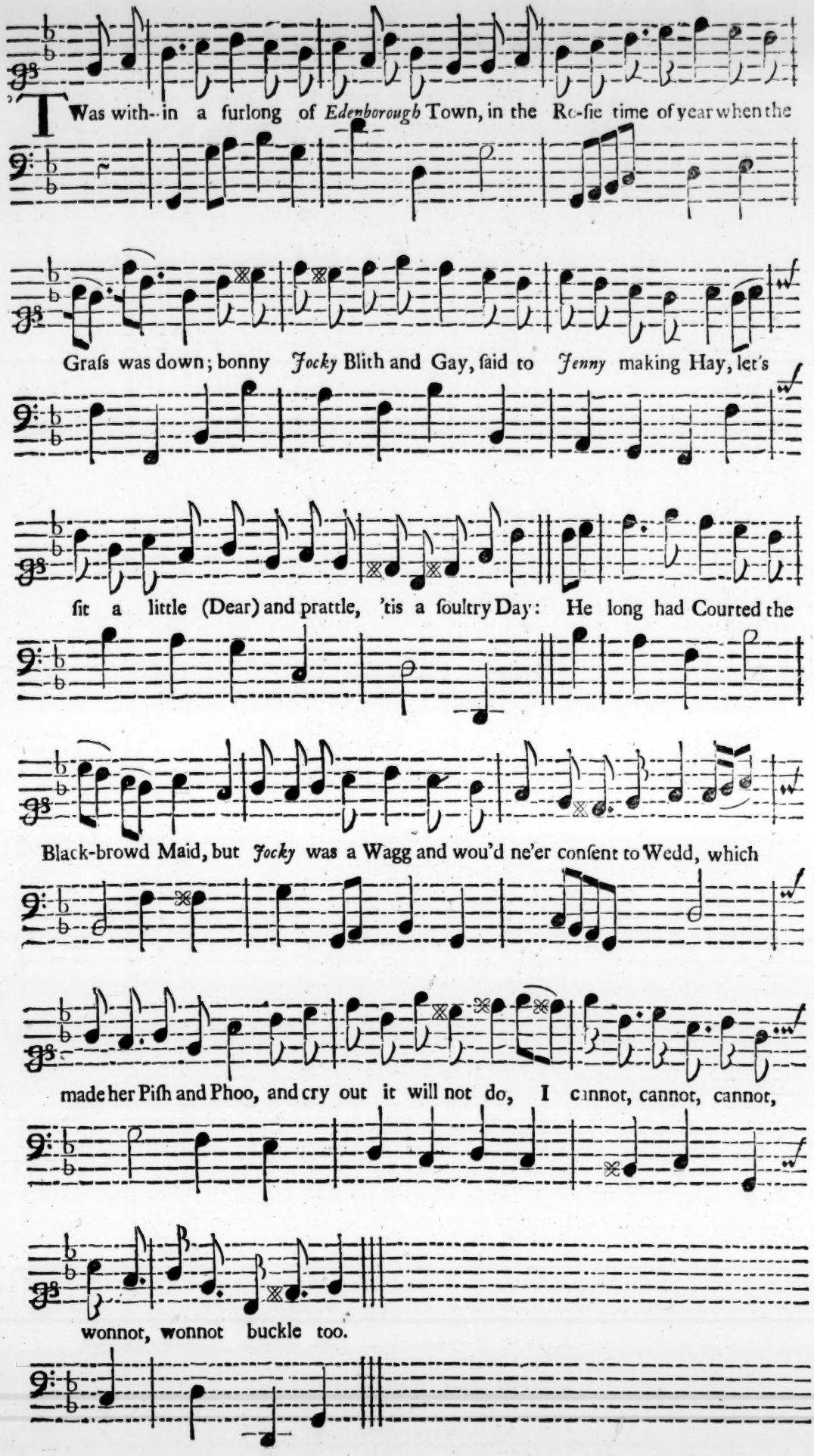


II.

For when the Deed's done how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains;
In haſt you depart what-e'er we can do,
And ſtubbornly throw off your Chains:
Deſiſt then in time, let's hear on't no more,
I vow I will never, will never, will never yeild to't;
You promiſe in vain, in vain you adore,
I never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never yeild to't.


'Twas with-in a furlong of *Edenborough* Town, in the Ro-ſie time of year when the
Graſs was down; bonny *Jocky* Blith and Gay, ſaid to *Jenny* making Hay, let's
ſit a little (Dear) and prattle, 'tis a ſoultry Day: He long had Courted the
Black-browd Maid, but *Jocky* was a Wagg and wou'd ne'er conſent to Wedd, which
made her Piſh and Phoo, and cry out it will not do, I cannot, cannot, cannot,
wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

II.

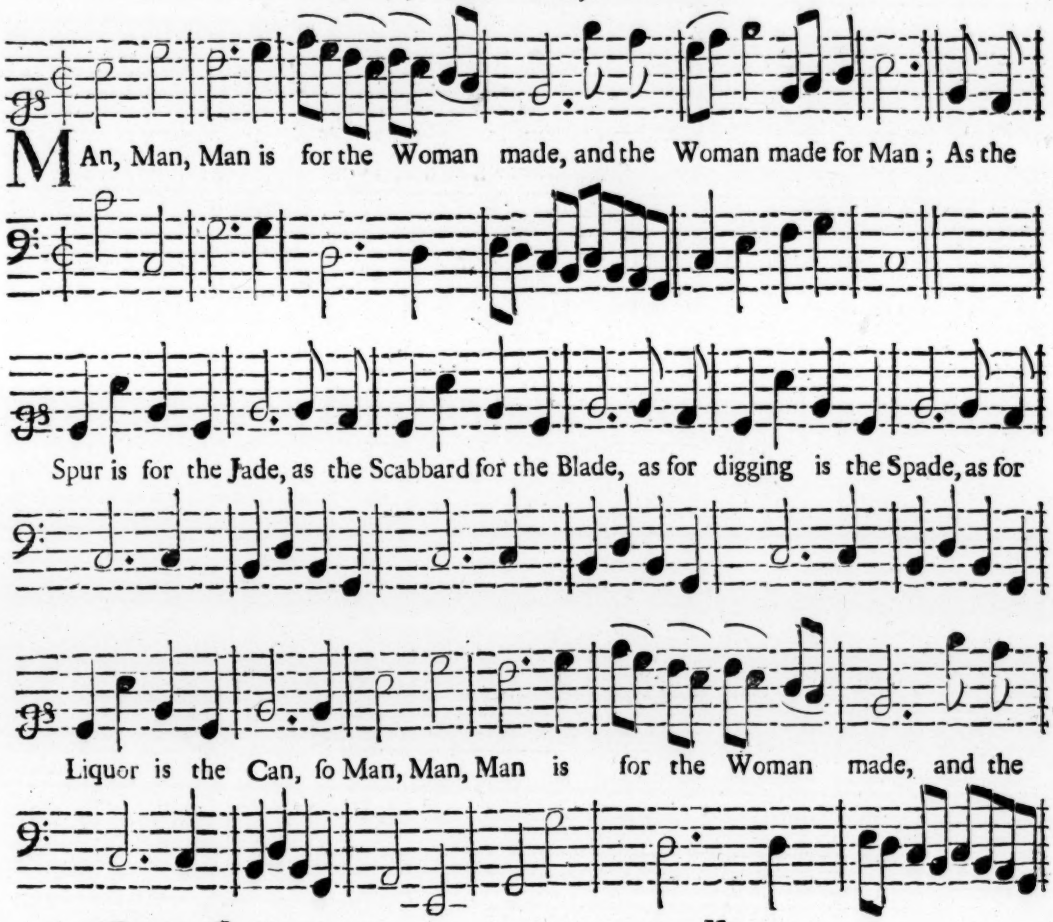
He told her Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,
And that no one Wedded now but the ſcoundrell folk,
Yet my dear thou ſhould'eſt prevail, but I know not what I aile,
I ſhall dream of Clogs, and ſilly Doggs with Bottles at their taile;
But I'le give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pritty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'er wil't Piſh nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er ſhall doe,
I cannot, cannot, *&c.*

III.

That you'l give me Trinkets, cry'd ſhe, I believe,
But ah! what in return muſt your poor *Jenny* give,
When my Maiden Treaſure's gone, I muſt gang to *London-Town*,
And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kiſs for half a Crown;
Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,
And earn an hated Living in an odious fulſom way,
No, no, no it ne'er ſhall doe, for a Wife I'le be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, *&c.*

A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by Mis *Croſs*.

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



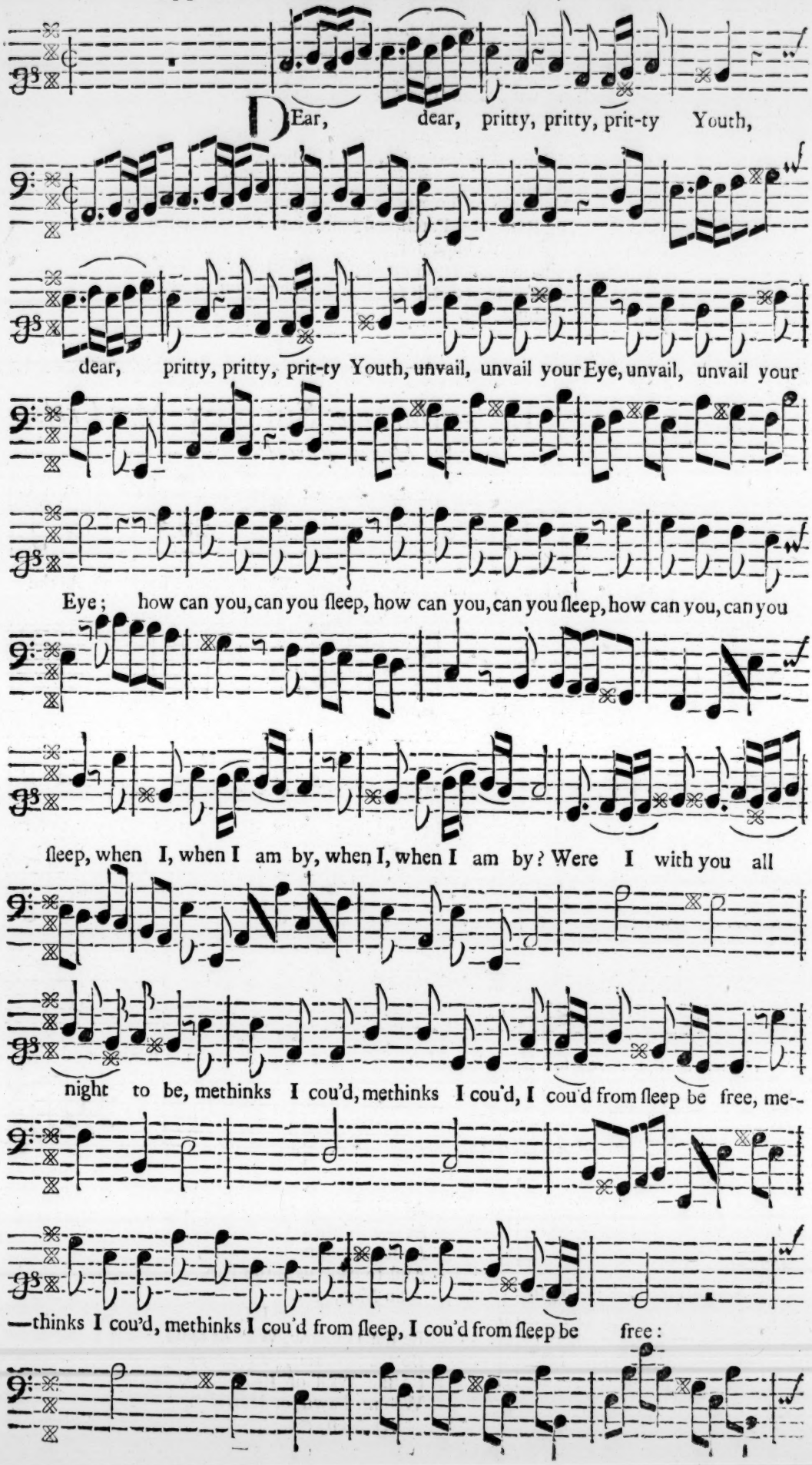
II.

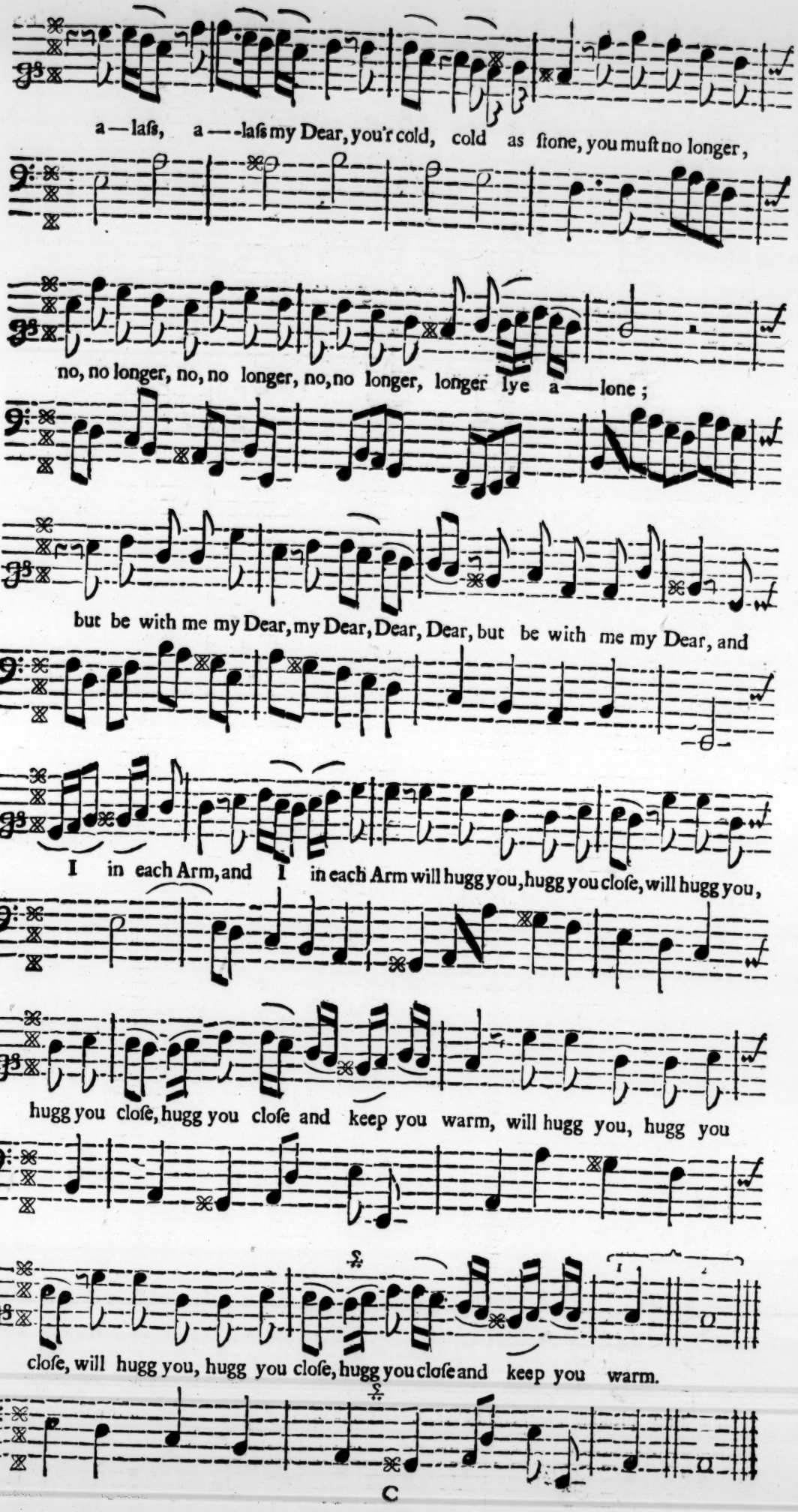
As the Scepter to be ſway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, *&c.*

III.

Be ſhe Widdow, Wife or Maid,
Be ſhe Wanton, be ſhe Stay'd,
Be ſhe Well or Ill Array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, *&c.*

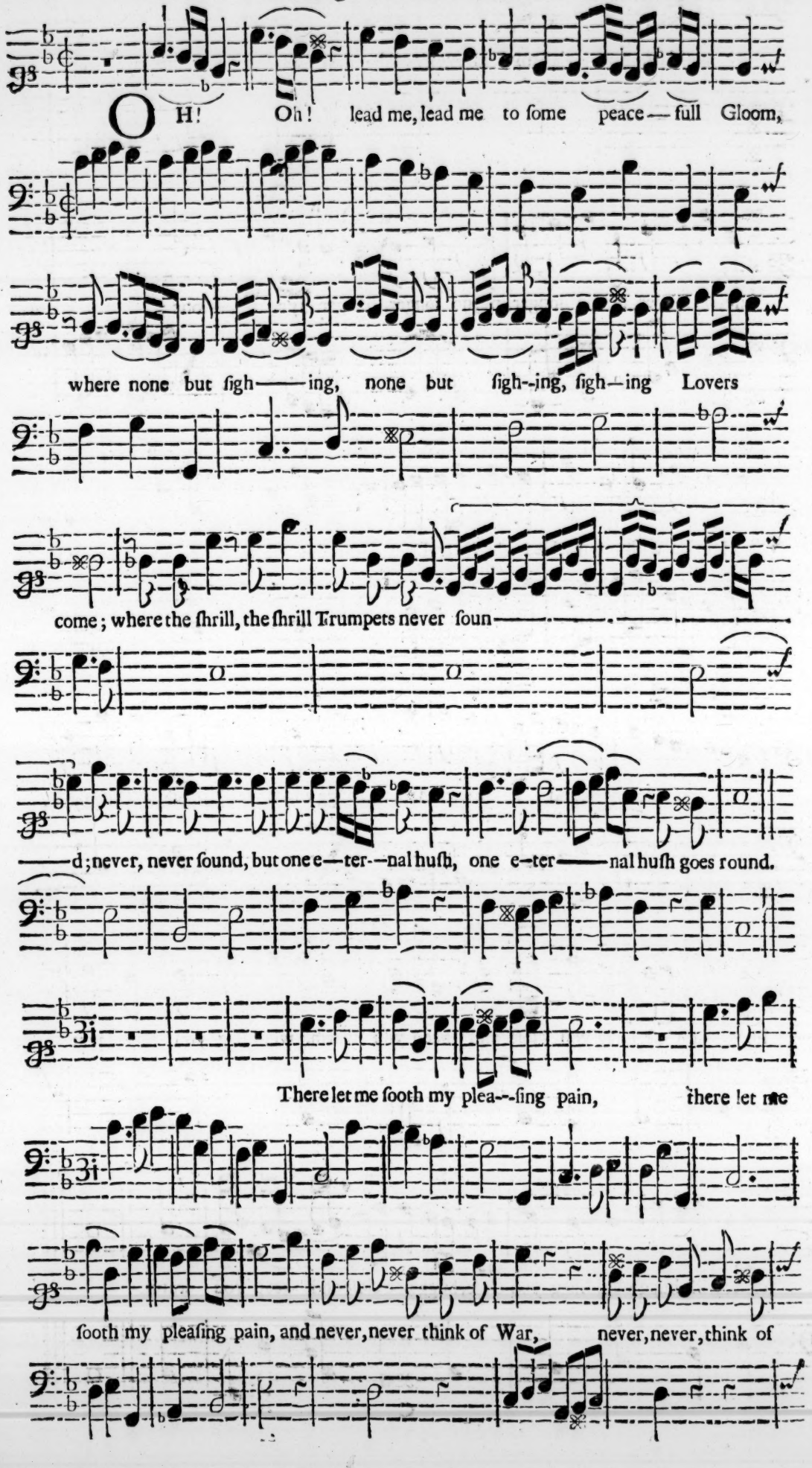
A New Song in the *Tempeſt*, Sung by Mis *Croſs* to her Lover, who is ſuppoſed Dead. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

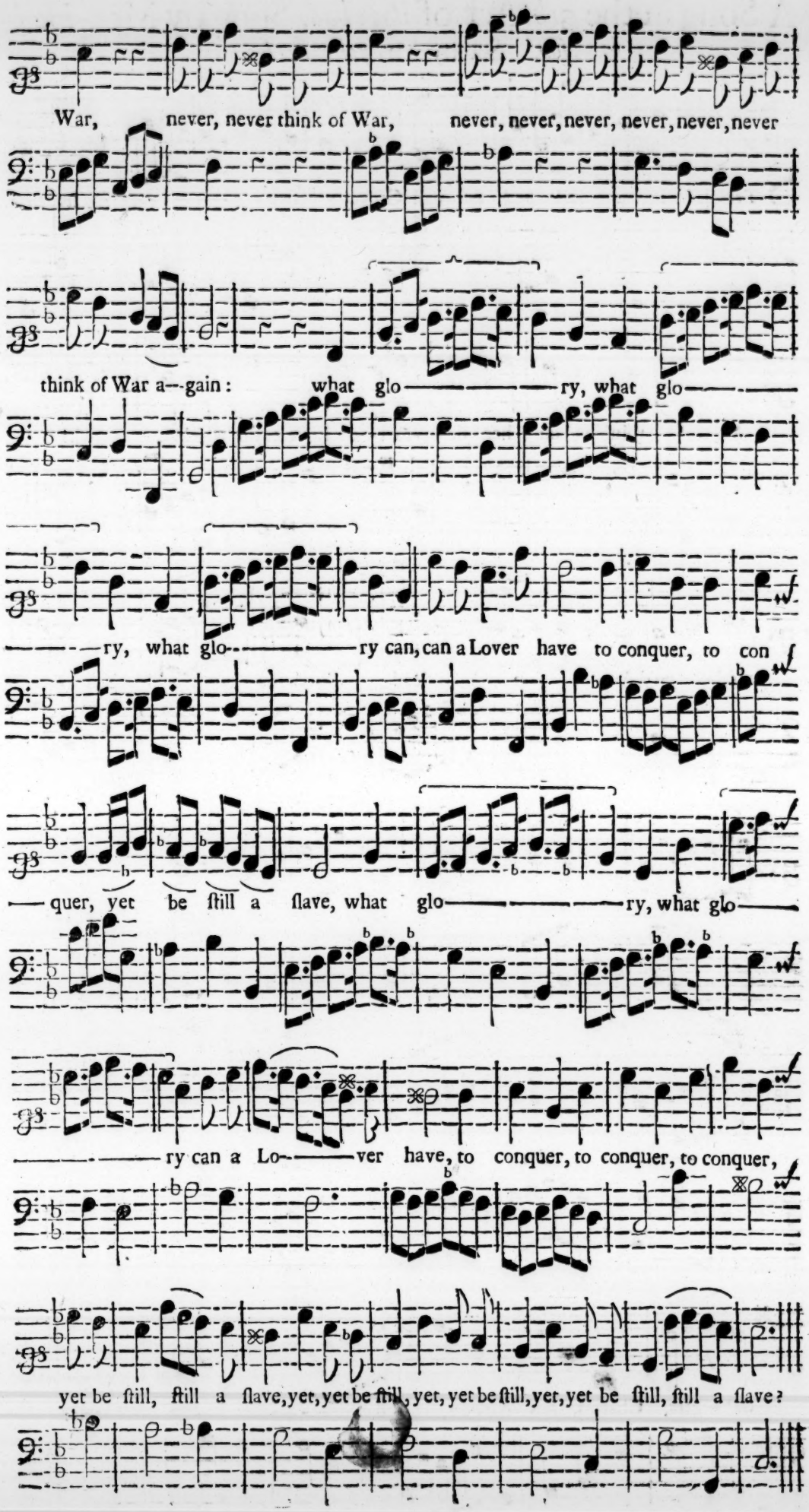



a — laſs, a — laſs my Dear, you'r cold, cold as ſtone, you muſt no longer,
no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a — lone;
but be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and
I in each Arm, and I in each Arm will hugg you, hugg you cloſe, will hugg you,
hugg you cloſe, hugg you cloſe and keep you warm, will hugg you, hugg you
cloſe, will hugg you, hugg you cloſe, hugg you cloſe and keep you warm.

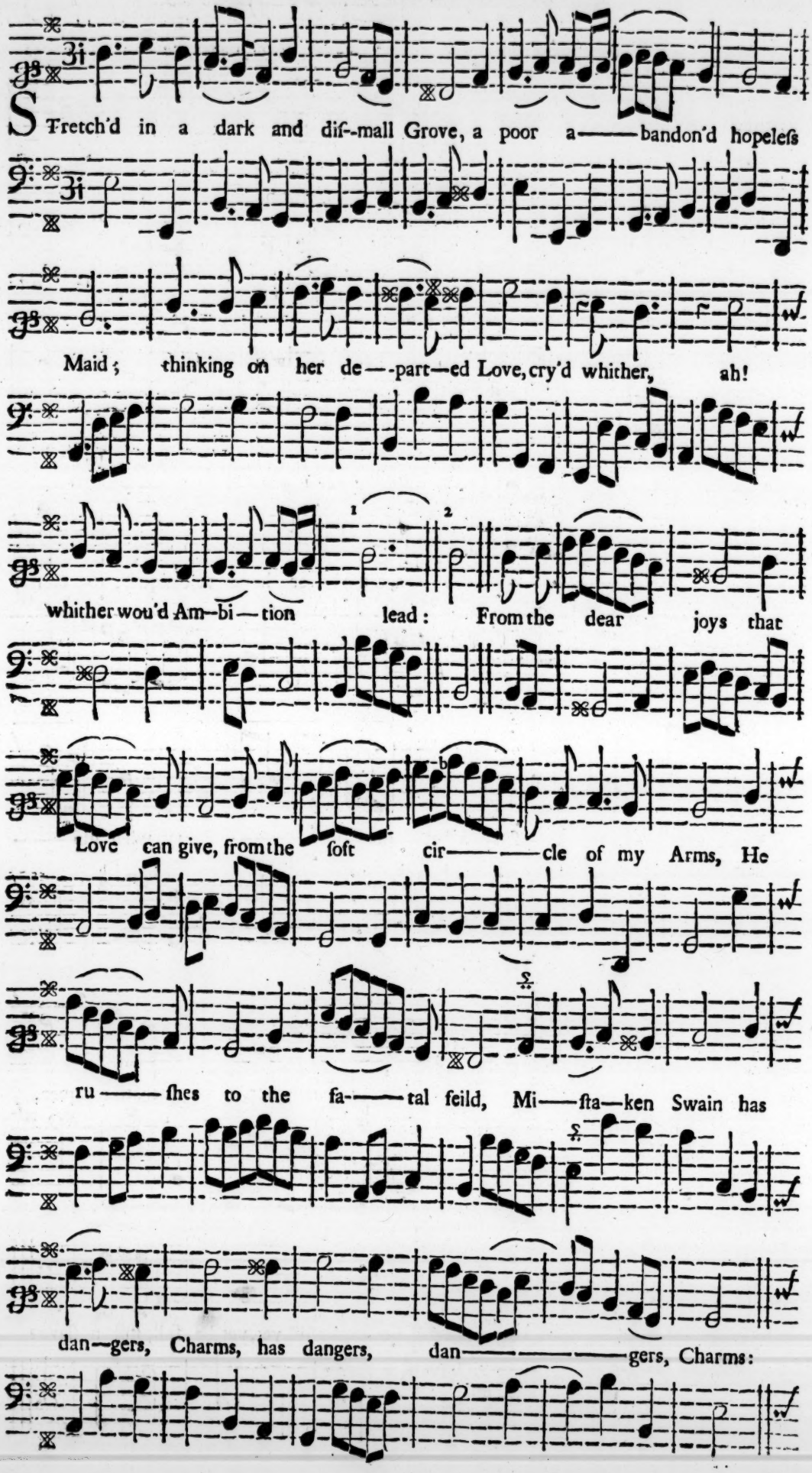
A Song in the Trageby of *Bonduca*, ſet by Mr. *Purcell*.

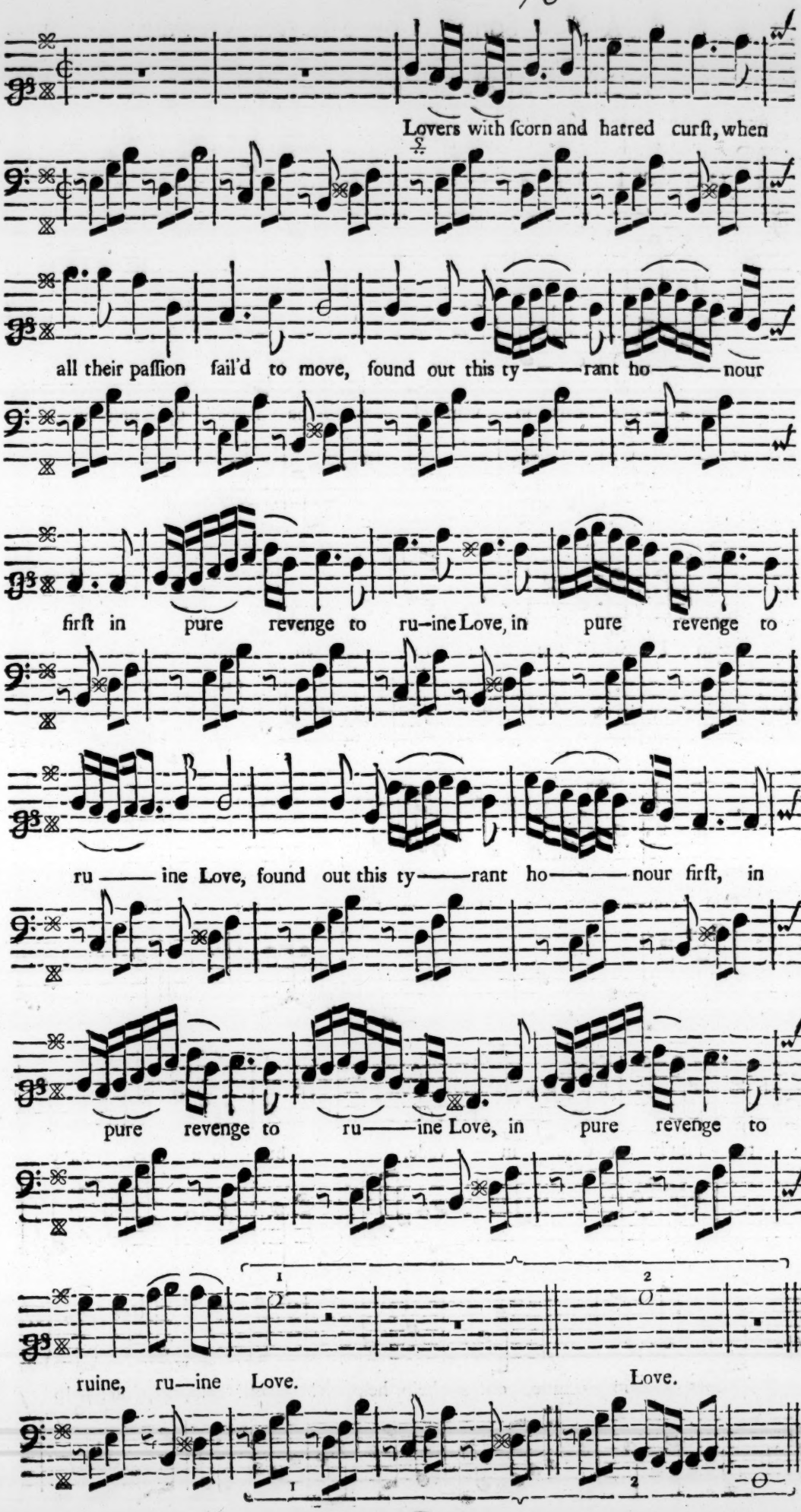
Sung by Miſs *Croſs*.



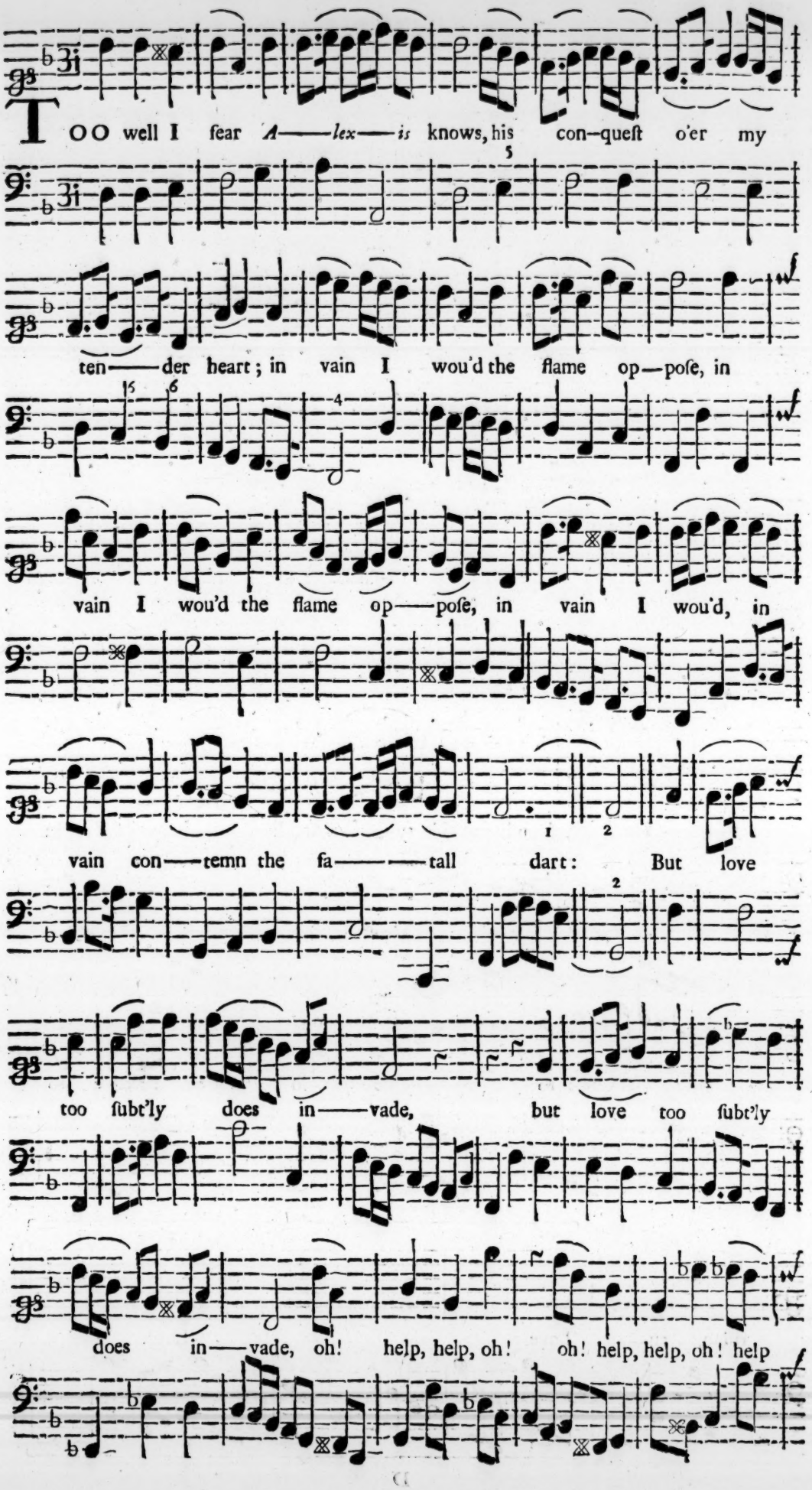

War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never, never
think of War a--gain: what glo——ry, what glo——
——ry, what glo——ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con
——quer, yet be ſtill a ſlave, what glo——ry, what glo——
——ry can a Lo——ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,
yet be ſtill, ſtill a ſlave, yet, yet be ſtill, yet, yet be ſtill, yet, yet be ſtill, ſtill a ſlave?

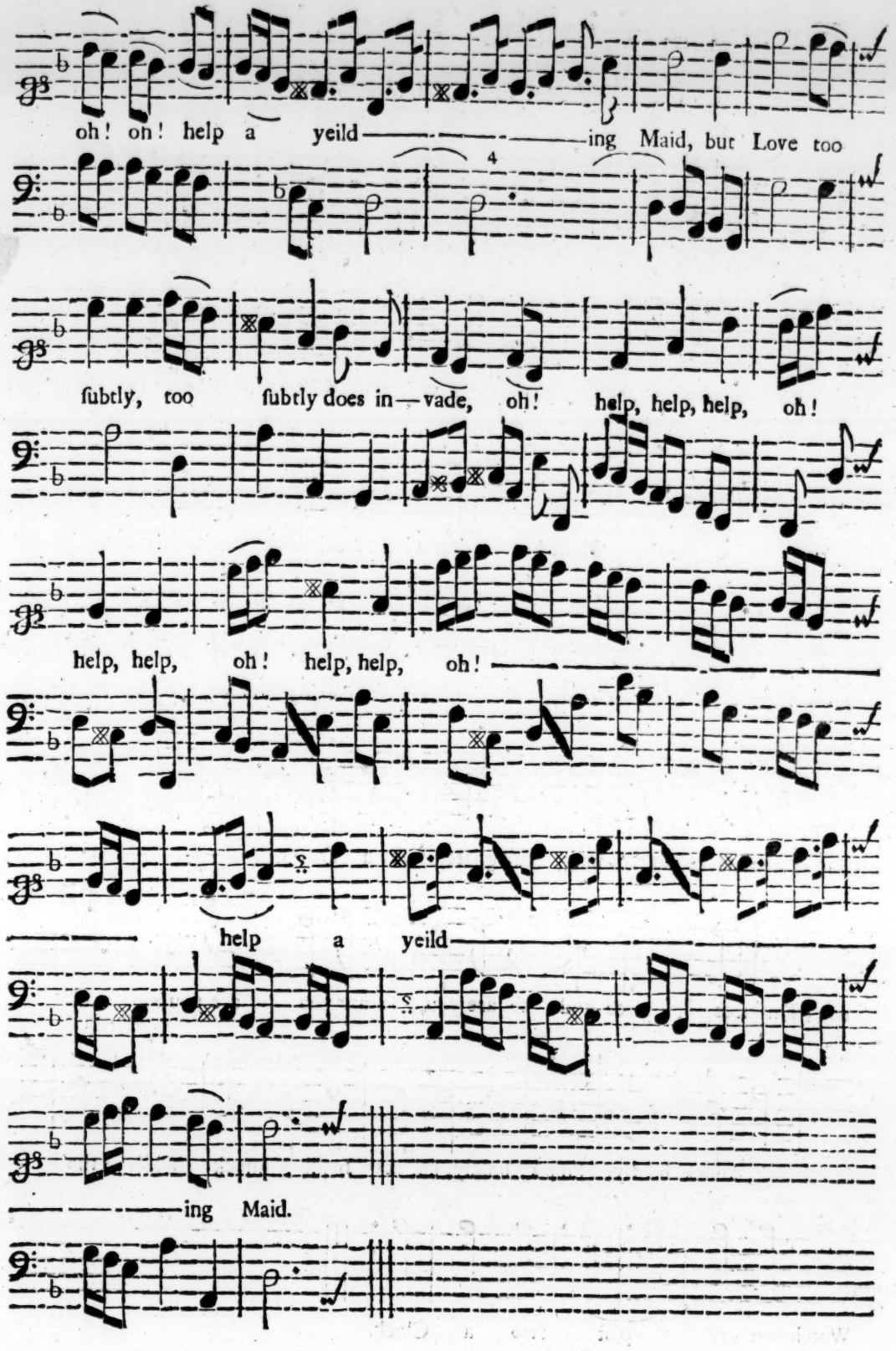
A Song in the 5th. Act of *Pyrrhus*, Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.




Lovers with ſcorn and hatred curſt, when
all their paſſion fail'd to move, found out this ty——rant ho——nour
firſt in pure revenge to ru–ine Love, in pure revenge to
ru——ine Love, found out this ty——rant ho——nour firſt, in
pure revenge to ru——ine Love, in pure revenge to
1
2
ruine, ru—ine Love.
Love.

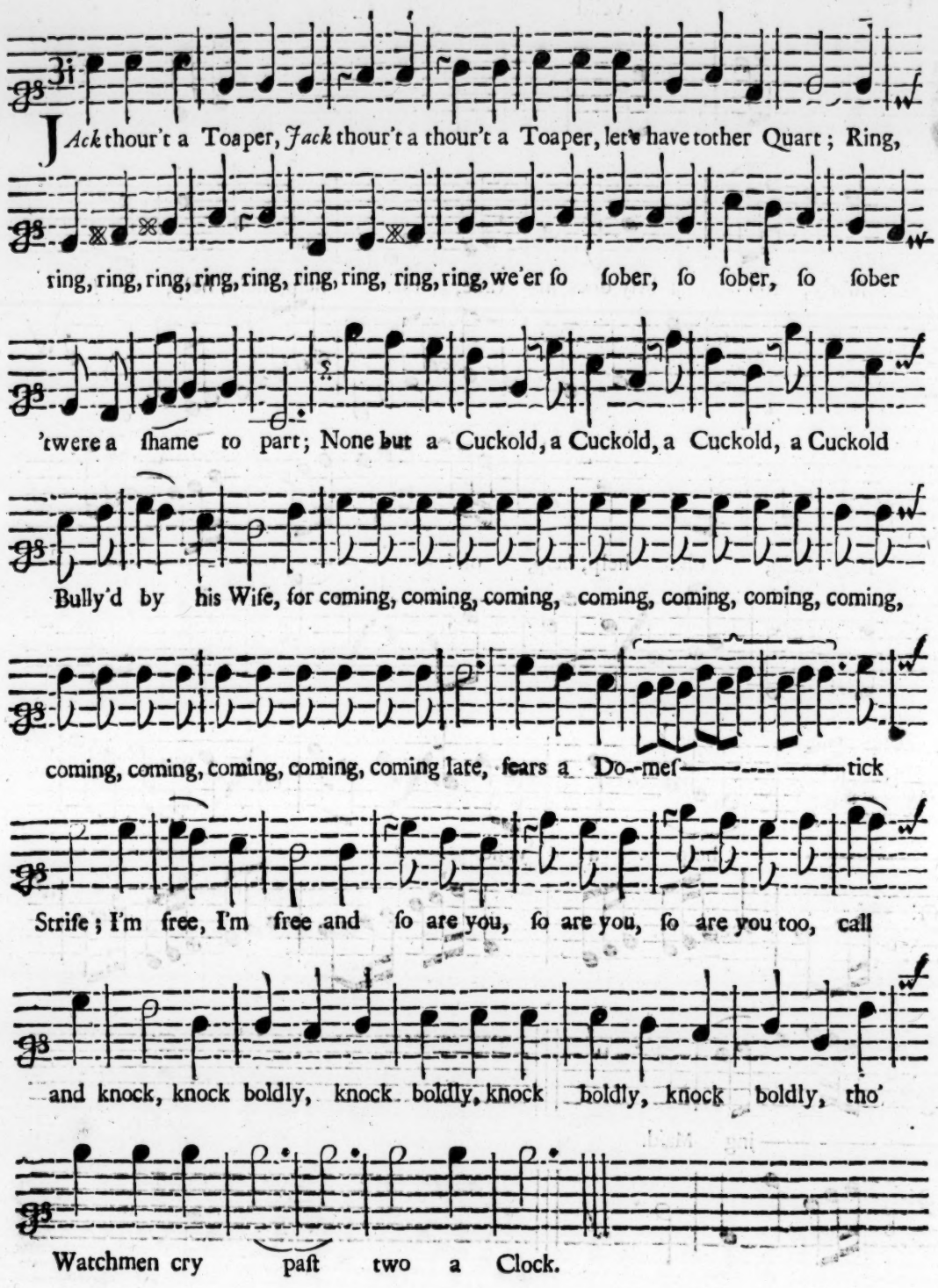
A New Song Set by Mr. *John Freeman.*




oh! oh! help a yeild ing Maid, but Love too
4
ſubtly, too ſubtly does in—vade, oh! help, help, help, oh!
help, help, oh! help, help, oh!
help a yeild
ing Maid.

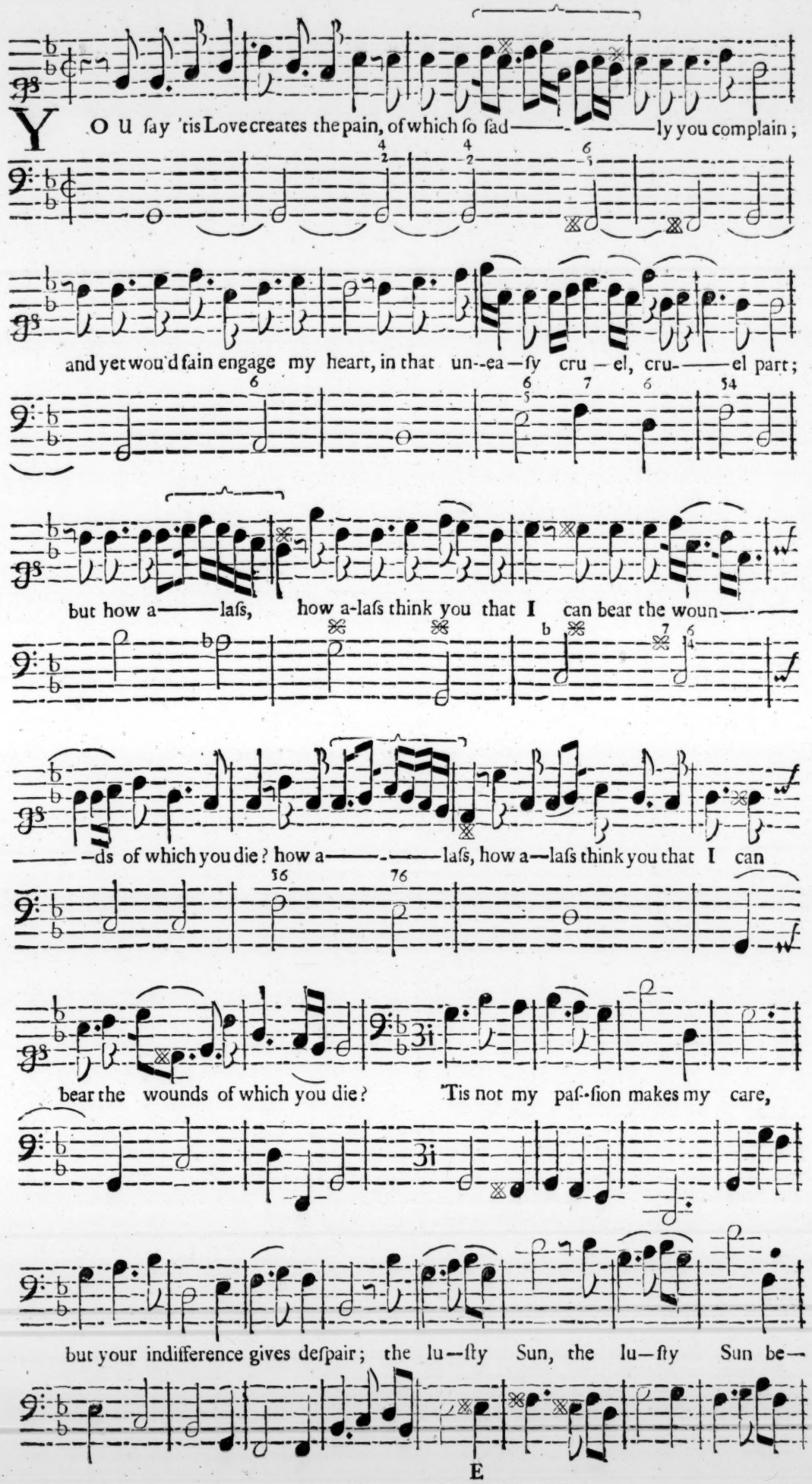
A New *Catch* in the Tragedy of *Bonduca.*

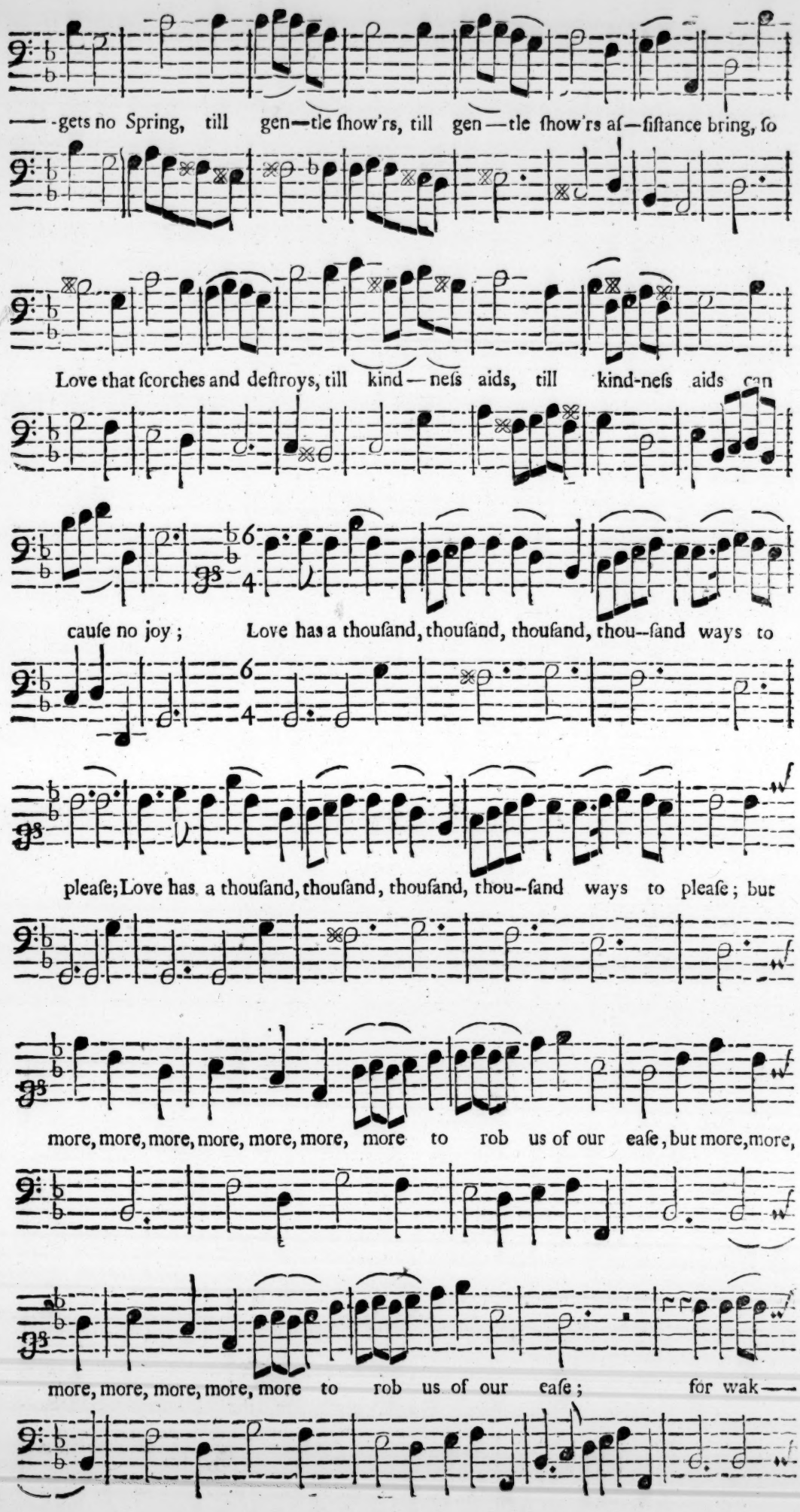
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

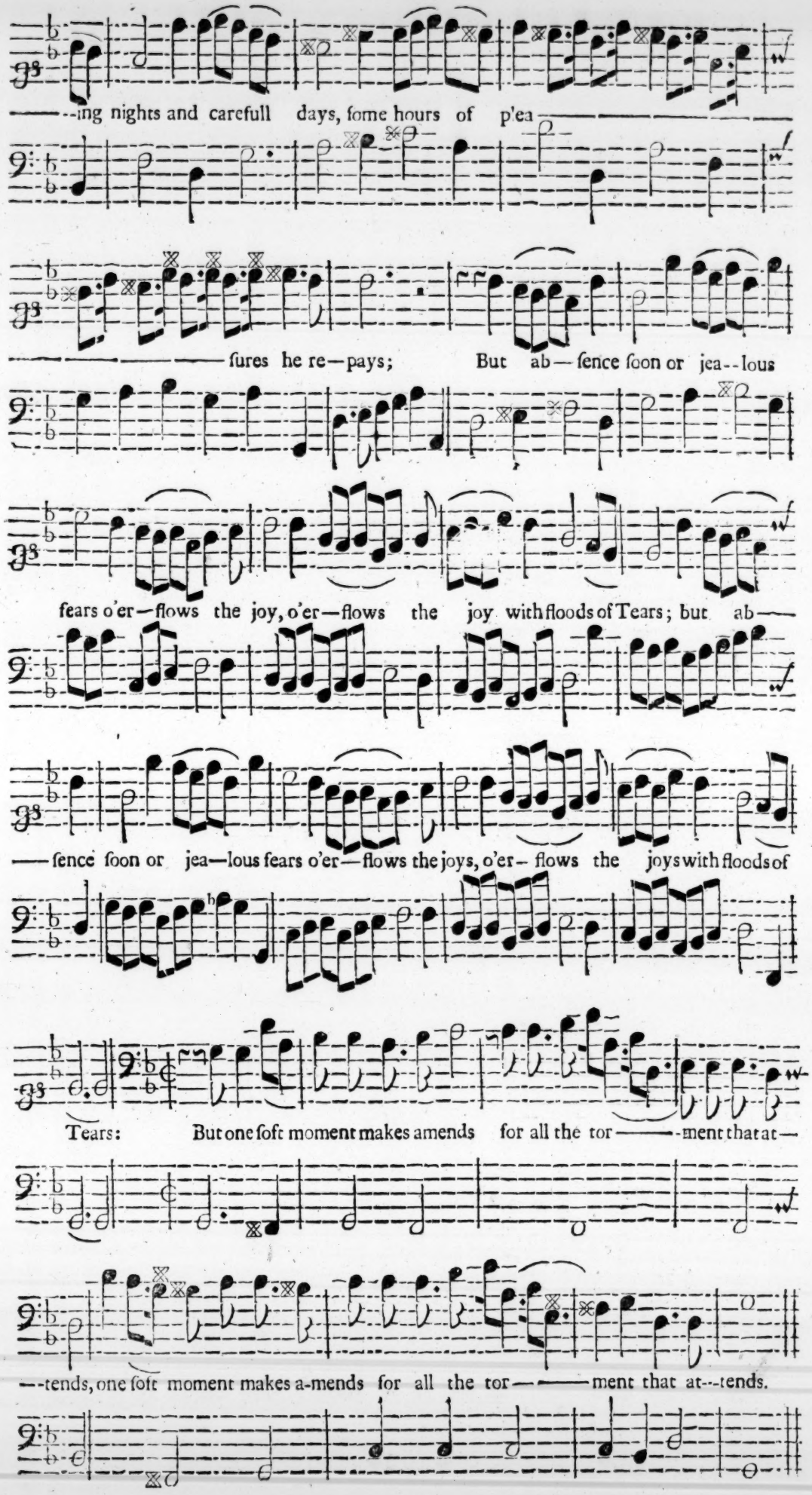


16

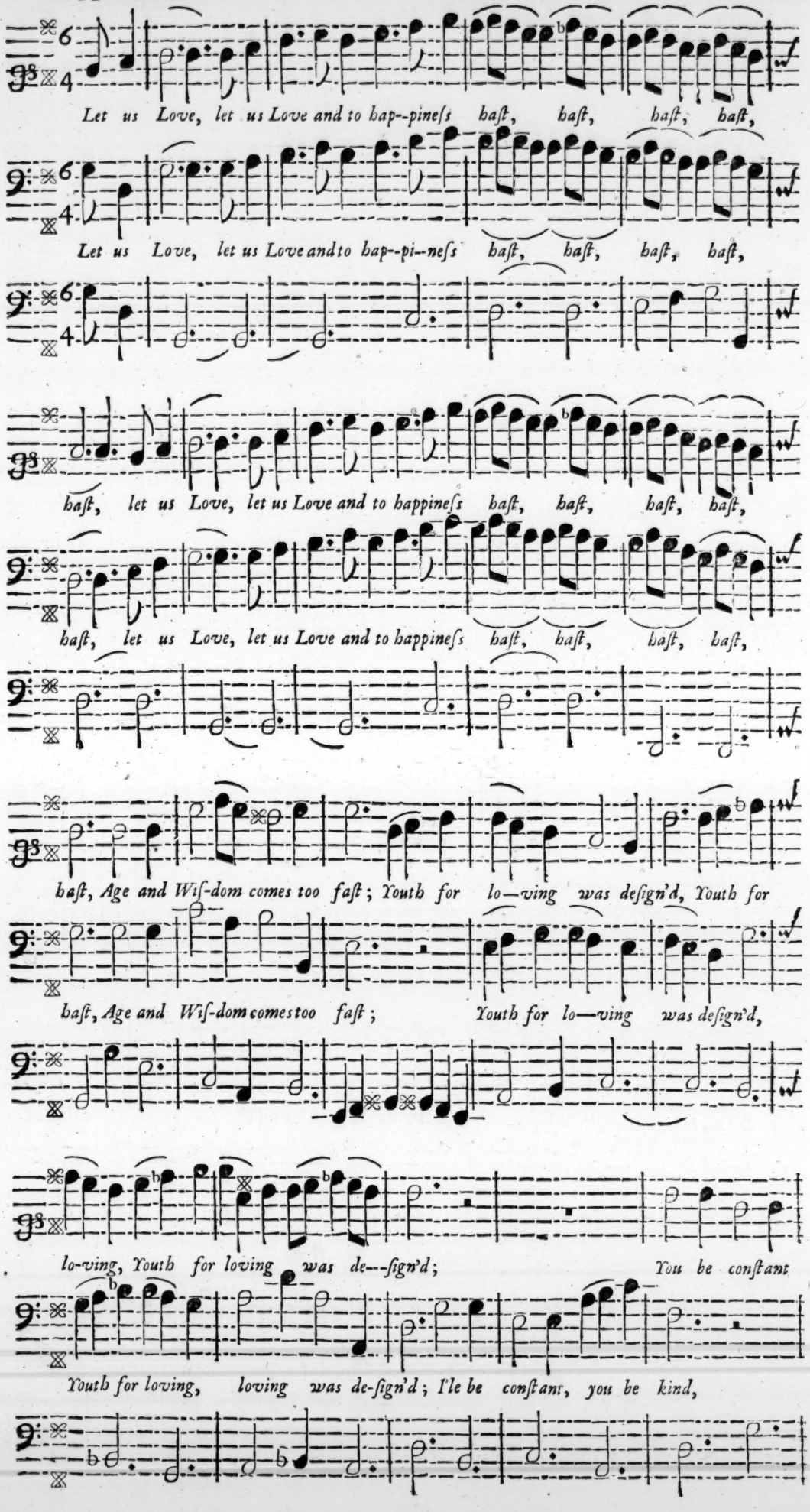
A Dialogue in *King Arthur*, ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

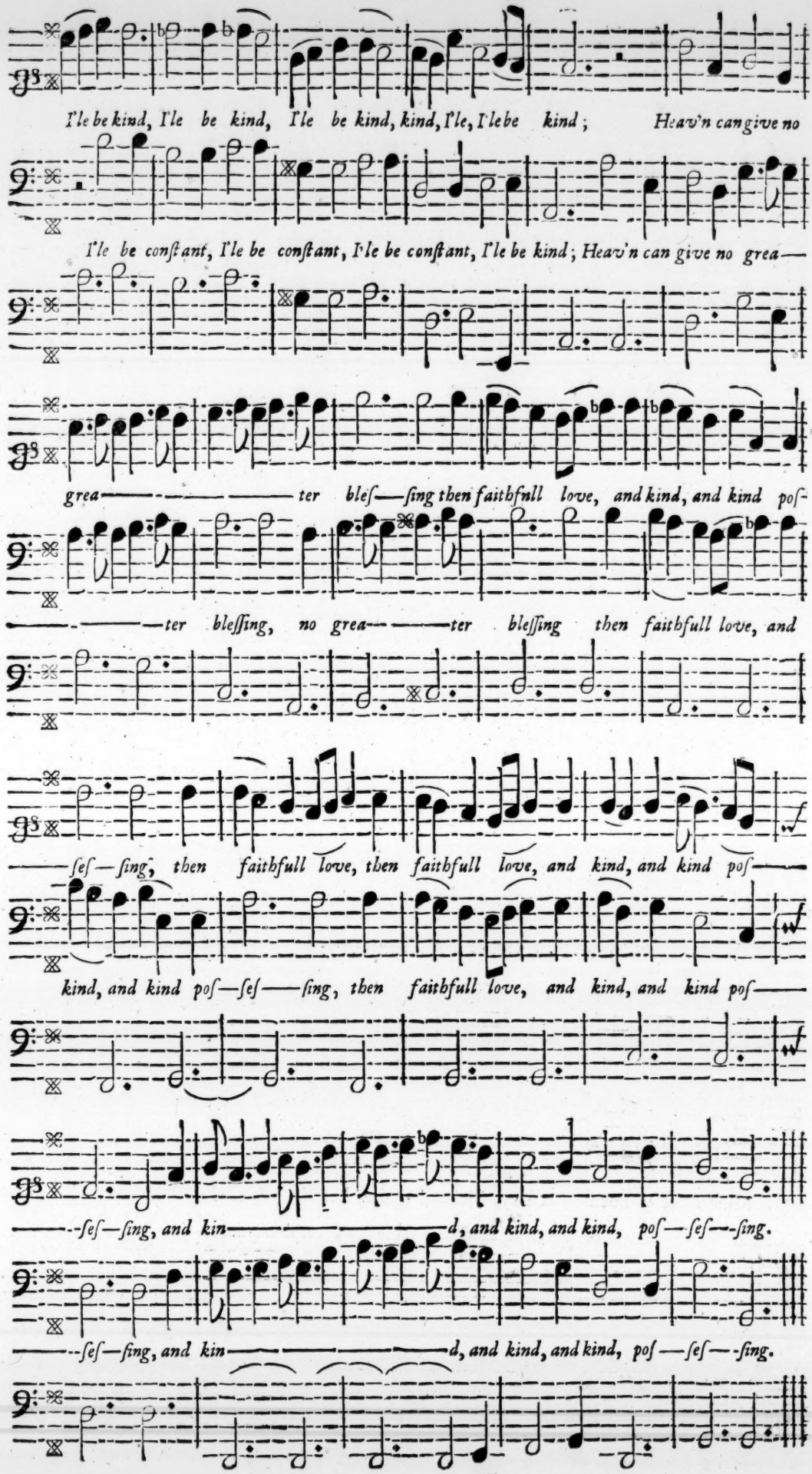



—gets no Spring, till gen—tle ſhow'rs, till gen—tle ſhow'rs aſ—ſiſtance bring, ſo
Love that ſcorches and deſtroys, till kind—neſs aids, till kind-neſs aids can
cauſe no joy ; Love has a thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thou—ſand ways to
pleaſe; Love has a thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thou—ſand ways to pleaſe ; but
more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our eaſe, but more, more,
more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our eaſe ; for wak—

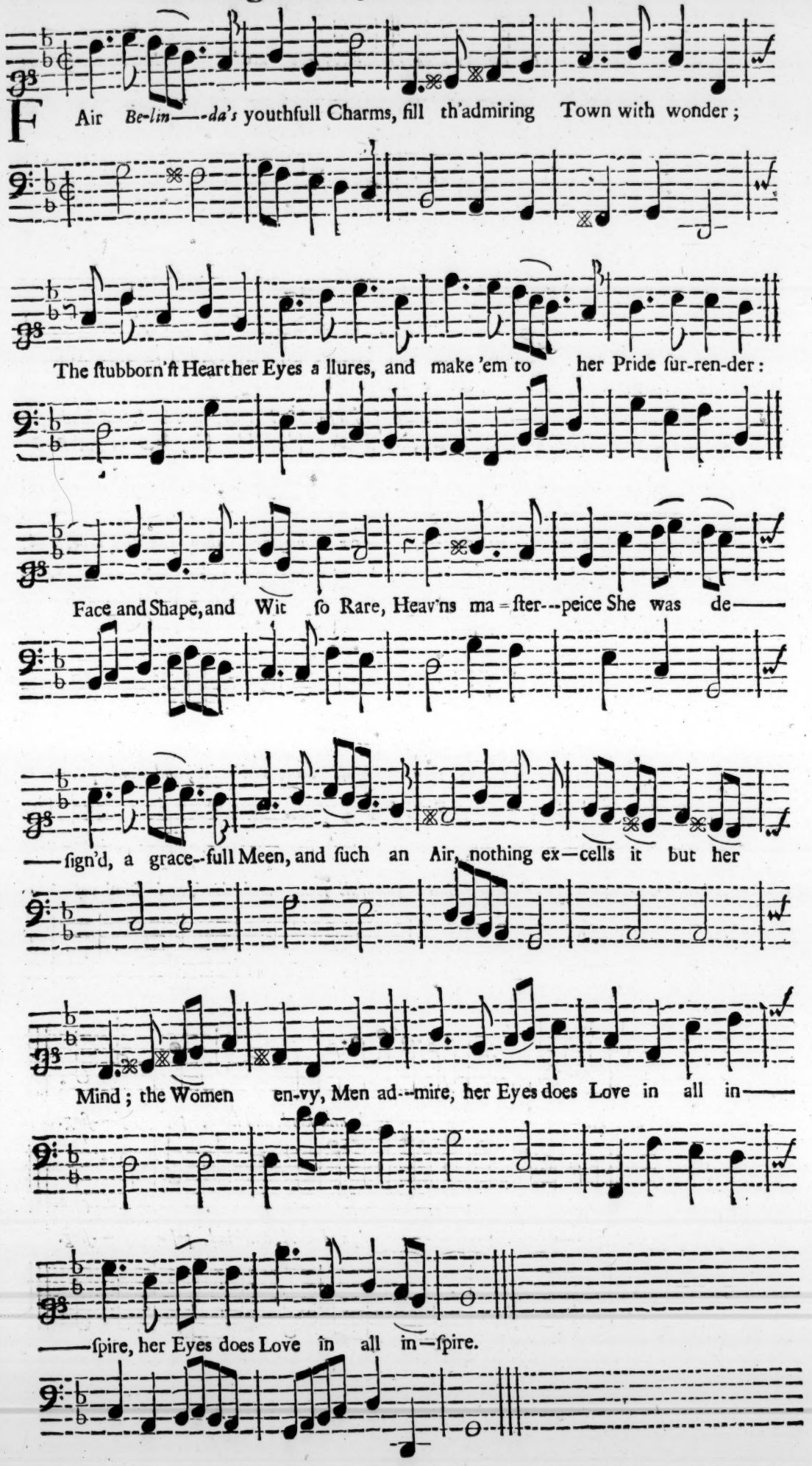

--ing nights and carefull days, ſome hours of p'ea
ſures he re—pays; But ab—ſence ſoon or jea--lous
fears o'er—flows the joy, o'er—flows the joy with floods of Tears; but ab—
—ſence ſoon or jea—lous fears o'er—flows the joys, o'er— flows the joys with floods of
Tears: But one ſoft moment makes amends for all the tor———ment that at—
—tends, one ſoft moment makes a-mends for all the tor———ment that at--tends.

CHORUS.

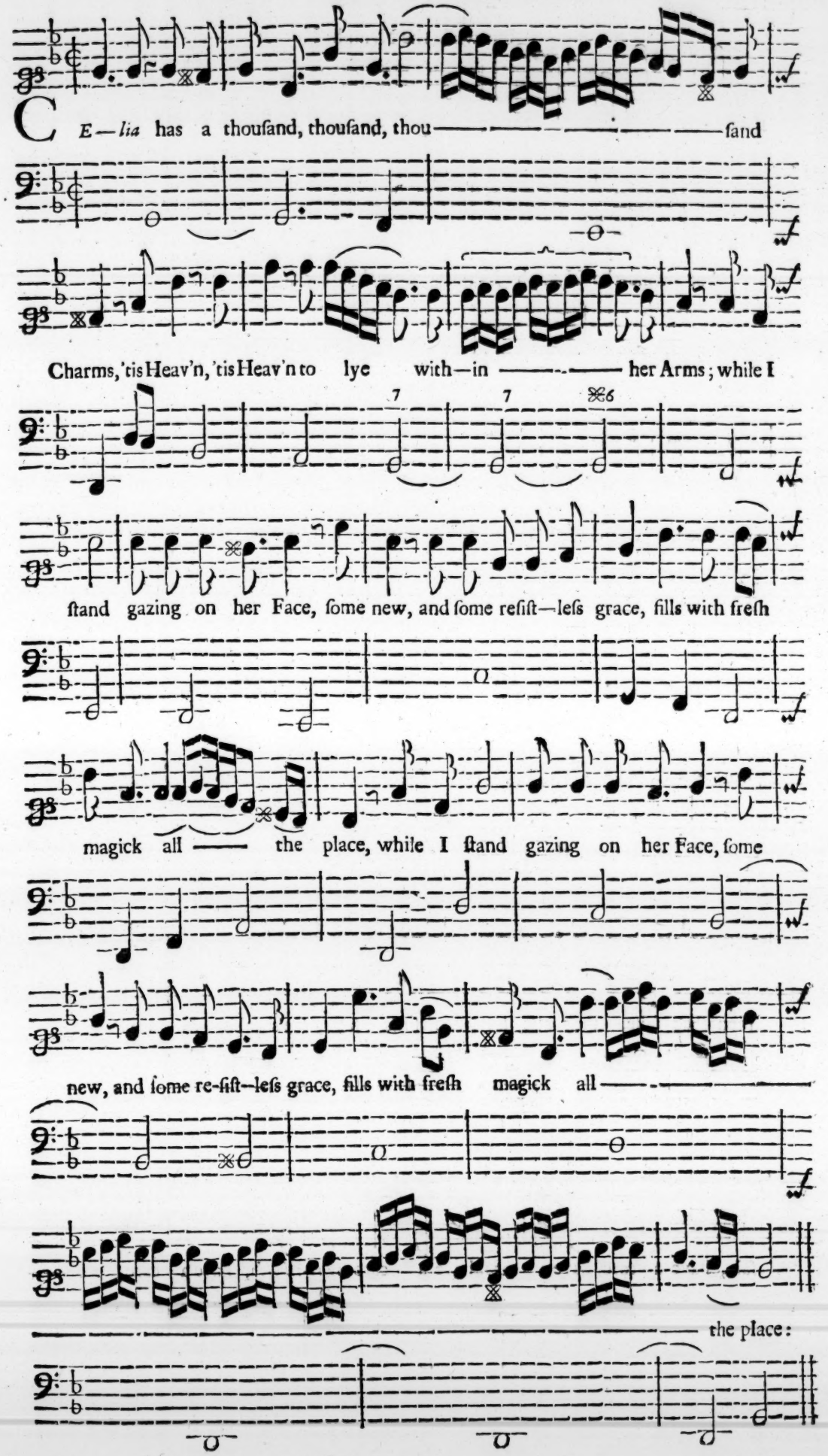

Let us Love, let us Love and to hap--pineſs haſt, haſt, haſt, haſt,
Let us Love, let us Love and to hap--pi--neſs haſt, haſt, haſt, haſt,
haſt, let us Love, let us Love and to happineſs haſt, haſt, haſt, haſt,
haſt, let us Love, let us Love and to happineſs haſt, haſt, haſt, haſt,
haſt, Age and Wiſ-dom comes too faſt; Youth for lo—ving was deſign'd, Youth for
haſt, Age and Wiſ-dom comes too faſt; Youth for lo—ving was deſign'd,
lo-ving, Youth for loving was de--ſign'd; You be conſtant
Youth for loving, loving was de-ſign'd; I'le be conſtant, you be kind,

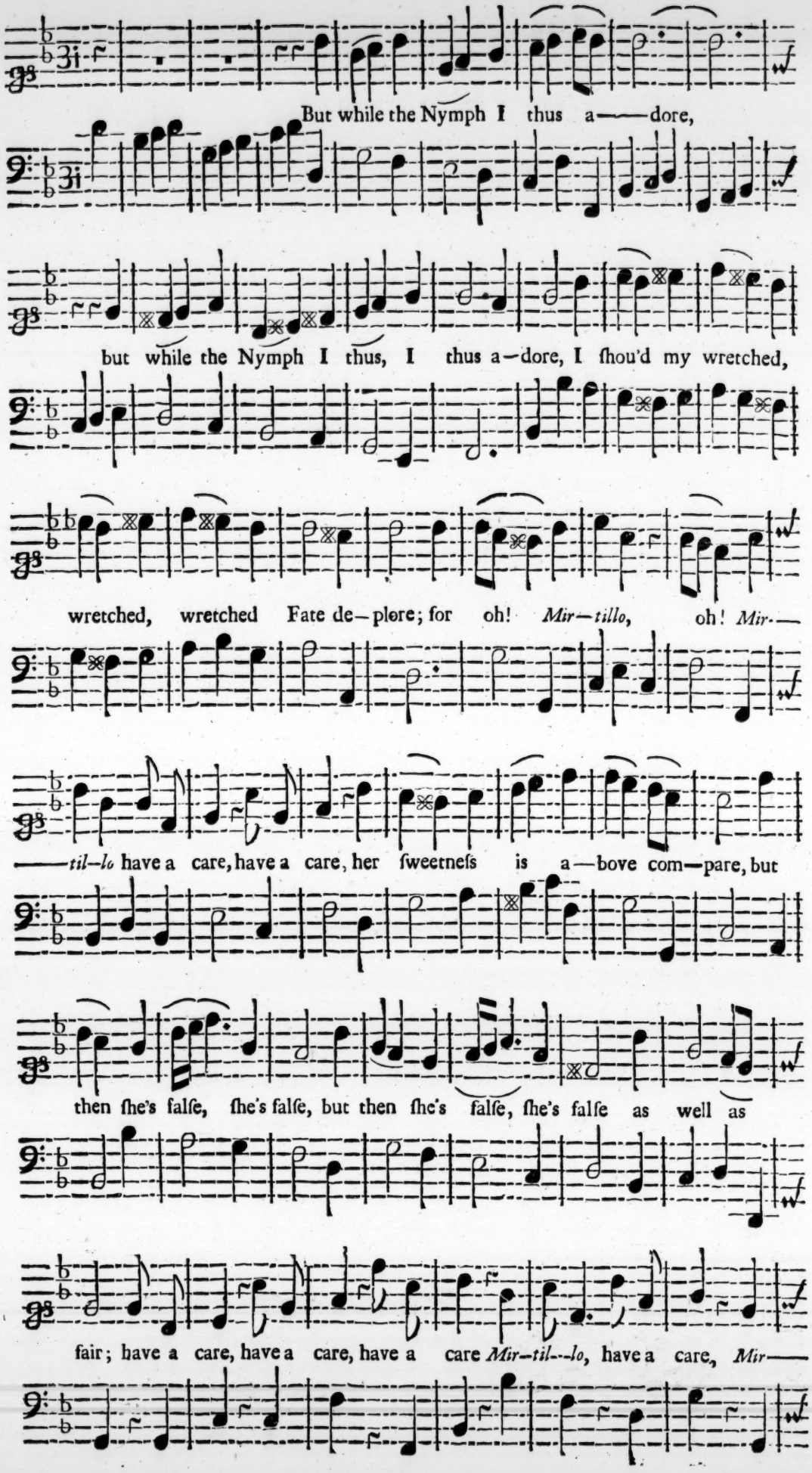

I'le be kind, I'le be kind, I'le be kind, kind, I'le, I'le be kind; Heav'n can give no
I'le be conſtant, I'le be conſtant, I'le be conſtant, I'le be kind; Heav'n can give no grea—
grea——ter bleſ—ſing then faithfnll love, and kind, and kind poſ-
——ter bleſſing, no grea——ter bleſſing then faithfull love, and
——ſeſ—ſing, then faithfull love, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind poſ——
kind, and kind poſ—ſeſ——ſing, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind poſ——
——ſeſ—ſing, and kin——d, and kind, and kind, poſ—ſeſ—ſing.
——ſeſ—ſing, and kin——d, and kind, and kind, poſ—ſeſ—ſing.

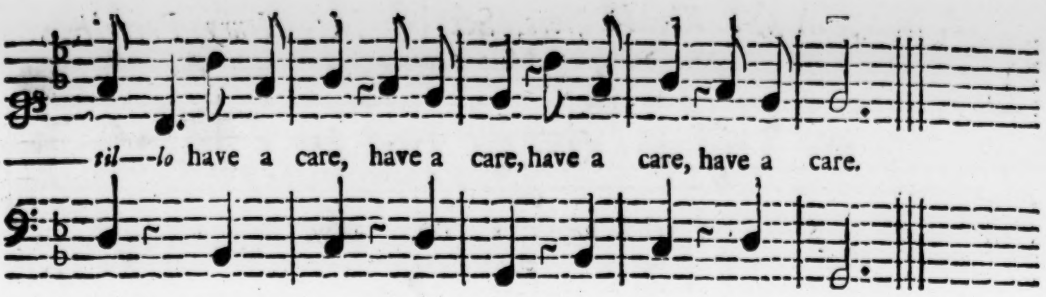
A Song ſet by Mr. *John Eccles.*



A Song in the *Rival-Siſters*, ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.* Sung by Young *Bowen.*

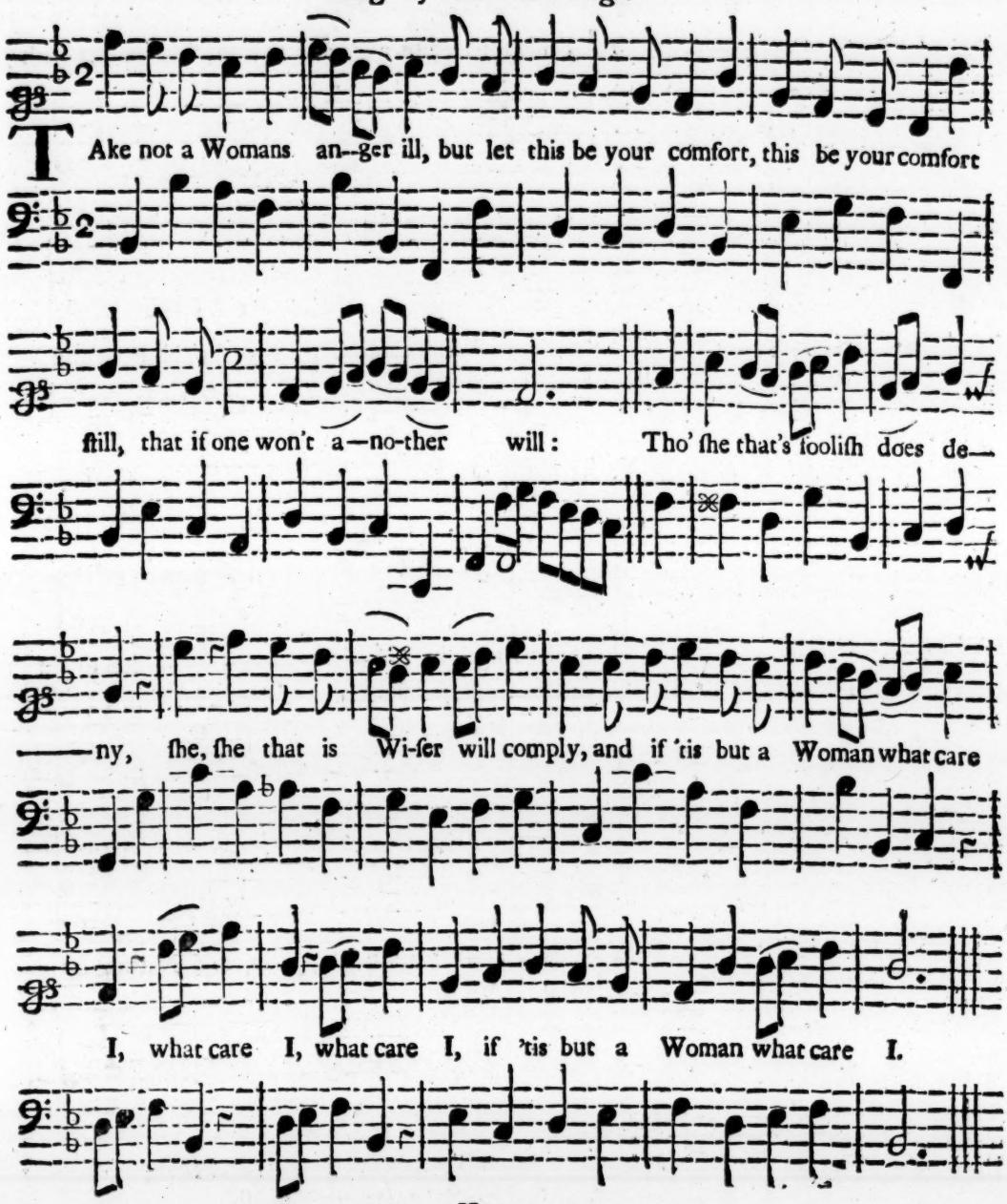



But while the Nymph I thus a——dore,
but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a-dore, I ſhou'd my wretched,
wretched, wretched Fate de-plore; for oh! Mir-tillo, oh! Mir-
——til-lo have a care, have a care, her ſweetneſs is a-bove com-pare, but
then ſhe's falſe, ſhe's falſe, but then ſhe's falſe, ſhe's falſe as well as
fair; have a care, have a care, have a care Mir-til---lo, have a care, Mir——



A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Sung by Mr. *Leaverige.*

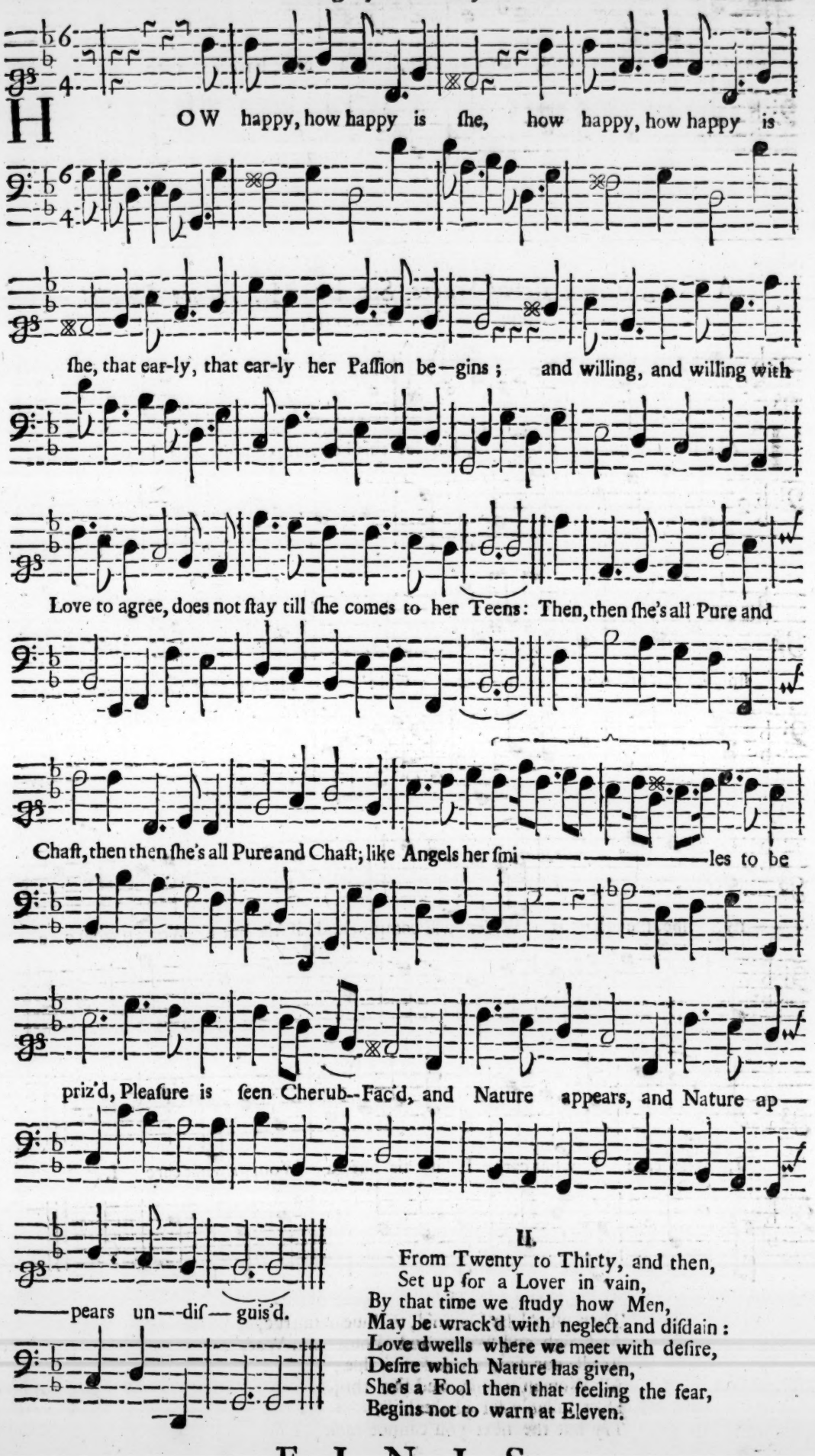


II.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,
And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Woe,
As all our ſimple Coxcombs doe;
All Women love it, and tho' this,
Does ſullenly forbid the bliſs,
Try but the next you cannot miſs.

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Sung by Miſs *Croſs.*



II.

From Twenty to Thirty, and then,
Set up for a Lover in vain,
By that time we ſtudy how Men,
May be wrack'd with neglect and diſdain:
Love dwells where we meet with deſire,
Deſire which Nature has given,
She's a Fool then that feeling the fear,
Begins not to warn at Eleven.

FINIS.

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